THIRUKKURAL EXPRESS

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The Kuralneri and Thirukkural Express Editorial board extend their wholehearted wishes and Felicitations to Dr.G.Viswanathan, Founder-Chancellor, V.I.T. on his 88th birth anniversary.

An Ode to a Living Legend

By MARAIMALAI ILAKKUVANAR

I – The Child of Destiny

In Tamil land where rivers gleam,
Where temples guard the timeless dream,
A child was born with steadfast eyes,
A spirit vast, both strong and wise.
No crown of gold, no royal line,
Yet destiny had marked a sign;
For in his breast the fire did glow,
A thirst to serve, a will to grow.
The village paths, the humble school,
The tender heart that shunned no rule;
Each page he turned, each step he trod,
Prepared him for a greater nod.
The people's tongue, their grief, their song,
He learned to love, to right the wrong;
For early on his soul did see,
That life was meant for service free.

II – The Call of Service

The drums of youth began to sound,
A restless fire the boy had found;
The cause of men, the land's great call,
Awoke his heart to give his all.
The Assembly gates first heard his name,
A statesman rising into fame;
With steady word, with noble aim,
He played the people's ancient game.
Not thirst for power, nor greed for gold,
But duty's torch his hands did hold;
And in the chambers, high and vast,
He pledged to serve till breath be past.
The voice of Vellore, strong and true,
Resounded as the seasons flew;
And in the state's remembered scroll,
His service shone, a shining role.

III – Voice in Parliament

From Tamil's fields to Delhi's dome,
The leader strode, no more at home;
In Lok Sabha's resounding hall,
He pledged his strength to serve them all.
The nation's pulse beat in his word,
The cries of voiceless hearts were heard;
In minister's chair his duty lay,
To guide the land in ethical way.
Through law and order, toil and plan,
He sought the good of fellow man;
And politics became the ground,

Where wisdom's seed was firmly
found.

IV – The Seed of a Vision

Yet in his heart another flame,
A nobler dream began to claim;
Not only laws nor fleeting power,
But something built to ever flower.
He saw the youth with yearning eyes,
Who sought to scale the boundless
skies;
And knew within, the truest art,
Was shaping mind, and soul, and
heart.
Thus turned his step from halls of
state,
To labor on a grander fate;
A temple where the young might
grow,
And knowledge like a river flow.

V – The Birth of Vellore Engineering College

The year was eighty-four by name,
When first the vision leapt to flame;
With little wealth, with boundless zeal,
He forged a dream both true and real.
Vellore's soil received the seed,
A college born of tireless need;
The early years were stern and hard,
Yet faith endured, and stood as guard.
Through trials deep, through days
austere,
He built with love, without a fear;
And in those halls, both plain and
small,
He saw the dawn that blessed them
all.

VI – VIT Ascends

The years flew on, the work grew vast,
The humble dream was crowned at
last;
For VIT, by nation's voice,
Became a house of learned choice.
Not stone alone, but spirit high,
Not walls, but wings to reach the sky;
A place where minds might boldly
strive,
Where visions kept the flame alive.
The institute, by wisdom led,
To countless fields of glory spread;
And VIT became the name,
Of India's pride, of world acclaim.

VII – Campuses Across the Land

Not Vellore only bore the light,
But many cities shared its might;
In Chennai's tide, the banner flew,
In Bhopal's ground, a shrine anew.
Amaravati's plains were crowned,
And Bangalore with joy was found;
Each campus built with steadfast
hand,

Bright citadels across the land.
So education's star was sown,
In many soils, yet one alone;
A single dream, a guiding flame,
That lit the nation's heart with aim.

VIII – A Temple of Research and Innovation

But greater still than halls of stone,
Was vision vast, uniquely shown;
That learning must not end in book,
But outward to the future look.
He bade the youth to seek, to find,
To train the hand, to shape the mind;
In research halls, in science' quest,
They sought to serve, to give their best.
Industry joined with scholar's might,
And progress shone with radiant light;
So VIT became the ground,
Where dreams of tomorrow are found.

IX – Honors from Distant Shores

The world beheld his noble deed,
And honors came with gentle speed;
From western lands, across the seas,
Were laurels brought on honor's breeze.
West Virginia hailed his name,
New York inscribed his deathless fame;
And Rochester with joy did stand,
To crown the leader of this land.
Doctorates high, both rare and true,
Were placed upon the brow he knew;
Not for himself, but as a sign,
Of vision vast and work divine.

X – Friend of the Tamil Tongue

Yet though the world his fame did bear,
He held his Tamil heritage dear;
For language sweet, for poet's song,
His love was deep, his faith was strong.
Thamiziyakkam rose with might,
To spread the tongue, to guard its light;
And scholars found in him their guide,
With Pulavar Kuzhu at his side.
Thus culture's flame he bore along,
A servant true of speech and song;
That Tamil soul, both vast and free,
Might shine for all eternity.

XI – The Students' Song

Within the gates of VIT,
A thousand voices sing to thee;
For countless lives were shaped anew,
By dreams thy vision bade pursue.
The poor, the lost, the hearts in need,
Found hope within thy work and creed;
Each student's tale a witness stands,

To one who shaped their minds and hands.
O living guide, O teacher true,
The world is bright because of you;
And in the youth thy spirit grows,
Like endless stream that ever flows.

XII – The Leader and the Community

Nor India alone was blessed
But far abroad thy work confessed;
For Tamil sons in distant shore,
Beheld thy name, and loved thee more.
At FeTNA's hall, across the seas,
They hailed thy noble legacies;
"Highly Noble," was their call,
A title worthy, true of all.
Thus both at home and far away,
Thy star still shines, thy deeds still stay;
A leader not of land alone,
But of a world that thou hast known.

XIII – The Flame of Service

Yet still he toils, though years have flown,
His spirit restless, never done;
For service is his constant creed,
To heal the world of want and need.
In council, hall, in scholar's meet,
In every home, on every street;
His hand is stretched to guide, to bless,
To build a world of happiness.
No rest he claims, no crown of gold,
His wealth is hearts, both young and old;
His glory lies in noble deed,
In answering every human need.

XIV – The Legend in Our Time

O living light in mortal frame,
The world already knows thy name;
Yet greater still, thy work of grace,
Is written in the human face.
A statesman once, an educator now,
With vision vast and noble brow;
Thy life itself, a shining page,
An epic sung from age to age.
The halls of VIT resound with cheer,
The Tamil voice grows loud and clear;
And in this time, thy legend stands,
A guiding torch to many lands.

XV – The Eternal Legacy

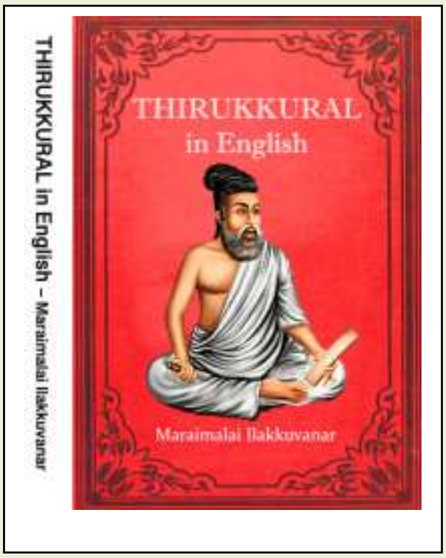
When years shall fade, and dust shall fall,
Thy name shall echo over all;
For not in stone alone thou art,
But graven deep in every heart.
The dream thou sowed, the flame thou bore,
Shall burn till time shall be no more;
And future sons with grateful breath,
Shall guard thy name beyond all death.

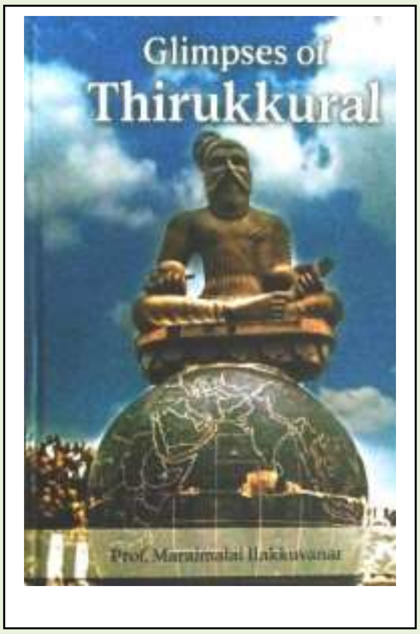
O Viswanathan, guiding star!
Thy fame is spread both near and far;
A Living Legend, Leading Light,
Whose guidance leads to our nation's might.

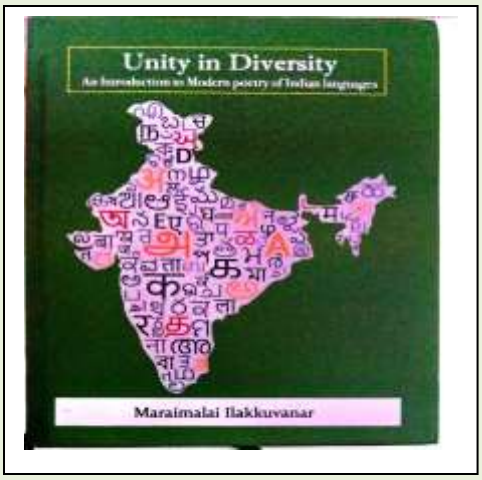
Epilogue

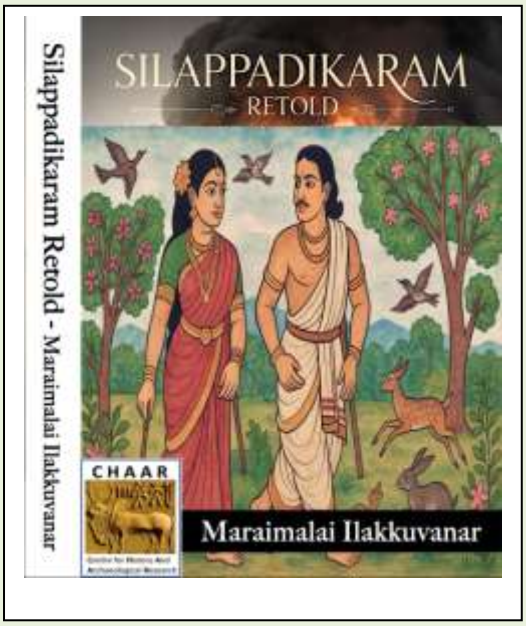
So ends the ballad, yet the tale goes on.
For a life such as his is not confined to verse;
it flows in the daily hopes of students,
in the echo of Tamil's proud tongue,
in the corridors of learning that bear his touch.
When centuries turn and voices fade,
the legend of Dr. G. Viswanathan
shall remain etched as both light and guide.
His is not the story of one man,
but of a spirit that kindled countless souls.
And so, the ode shall live—
an eternal flame to a Living Legend,
a Leading Light for all time.

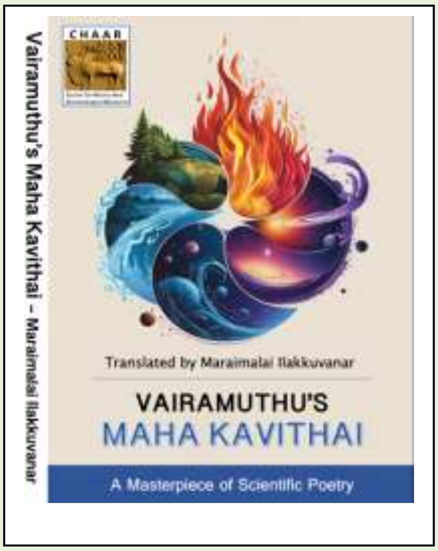
Long live Dr.G.Viswanathan
With fine health and strong vigour.

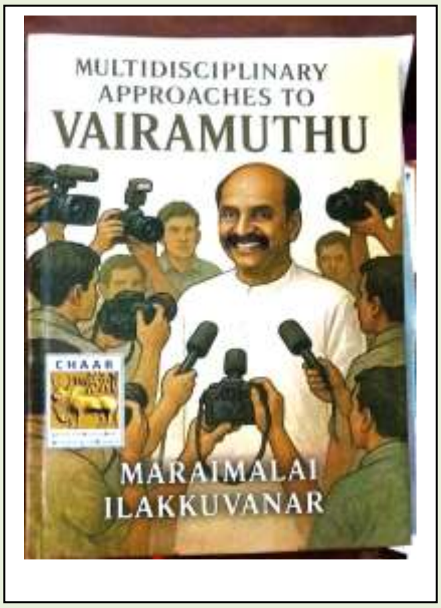












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